

Startling Gowns and Marvellous Display of Jewels Mark Opening Night of Grand Opera Season at the Metropolitan

MISS FARRAR CHARMS AS JULIET AT HER DEBUT

Yankee Girl Takes Honors of First Night of Opera Season in Metropolitan to Rousseliere's Romeo.

SOCIETY must have its dinner; so it missed last night the entrance upon the Metropolitan Opera-house stage of the loveliest Juliet seen for many a year.

Playgoers of a generation ago were at the feet of Adelaide Nelson, whom they acclaimed the perfect embodiment of Shakespeare's heroine. Many an actress of talent has impersonated the fair Capulet since the beautiful Englishwoman found her last resting-place in Brompton Cemetery, but her admirers remain loyal to her memory and declare that no successor has reached the height of her achievement.

A generation hence, perhaps, and others have sounded a deeper, truer note in the London parting and have imparted more useful import to the final act of self-sacrifice. Her singing here, too, was far from impeccable.

Flowers—Too Many of 'em.

After the second act flowers in ornate design and reckless profusion were placed at the debutante's feet. Unopened boxes were carried upon the stage. The thing was overdue. It looked too much like a premeditated effort to outdo Berlin.

At this time the house was most brilliant. Every box was occupied; all the seats were filled; standing room was a sufficing crowd. If there were some thing lacking of the marvellous used to a first night, and undoubtedly there was, the auditorium never presented a more opulent look. After the fourth act there was a general movement for home, and there was no remarkable demonstration at the end.

Mr. Rousseliere, the new French tenor, whom Mr. Corradini had for Romeo, last night, sang with a voice of great power and a refined light. He will be a valuable addition to the company. Except Suleira, no other Frenchman in recent years has proved so acceptable. His voice is powerful and pleasing, and he can keep to the pitch. In fact, his high notes, which he has in great quantity, and goes to whiteness. The old tradition of hair dressing for the part, to which he sticks, is not becoming to his features. He looks too old, and suggests a gnome.

Absence surely makes the heart grow fonder. Who would have believed that the familiar Bauernmeister would be missed as the nurse. But she was Miss Neundorff, who took the part served to bring her predecessor to memory.

Another newcomer was Mr. Siniari, whose Marcellus, both in voice and action, lacked much of the desired strength. He looked a little like the chip-on-the-shoulder of Montague. Plancon's Frere Laurent was sonorous and beautifully sung as ever. Journet was Capulet; Bara, Tybalt; Mühlmann, the Duke, and Josephine Jacoby, Stephano. Samuel Bovy, the new conductor, made a good impression. He put life, if sometimes too much noise, into the orchestra, and stirred the singers occasionally to a faster pace than they wished.

The ballet and chorus would not be favorites, perhaps, in a contest for beauty, but they were more competent than usual, and danced and sang well.

SYLVESTER RAWLING.

Mrs. Philip Lydig, Whose Gown Was the Sensation of the Opera



Mrs. Philip Lydig.

Mrs. Philip Lydig wore a remarkable gown. It attracted more attention than any other costume at the opera. It was of white satin, in princess style. The bodice was cut very low and topped with a silver band. Two narrow strips of silver passed over the shoulders. The décolleté effect was startlingly accentuated because Mrs. Lydig did not wear anything around her neck or on her bosom.

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\$1,000,000 TO CHARITY.

Nearly All of Daniel B. Shipman's Wealth Goes to Philanthropy.

CHICAGO, Nov. 27.—Daniel B. Shipman, the wealthy paint maker, who died last week, has left more than \$1,000,000 to charity.

Mr. Shipman, the only relative of Mr. Shipman, was too ill to be at his bedside when he died, and his end came among strangers.

It is said that nearly all of his wealth will be distributed among the different charitable institutions of this city. The will has not been made public.

DOWERY BREAD LINE AGAIN.

The Bowers Mission Bread Line will resume operations on Thanksgiving morning and continue to Easter morning, 1907. At 1 A. M. every day the mission will give a breakfast of bread and rolls to 1,000 destitute and hungry men and boys.

ELECTRIC GLARE MARS BEAUTY OF THE OPERA FACE

Impress Left on Features by Late Hours Spent in Fierce Light.

'MAKE-UP' DOESN'T SAVE Accentuates the Ghastliness Rather Than Helps to Conceal It.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

THAT there is a typical "opera face" was noticeable last night at the brilliant opening of the opera season. The beautiful women who watched and listened more or less attentively to Rousseliere's strenuous love making, all show a family resemblance as far as expression and complexion go.

The opera face is a result of one week of horse show added to many weeks of late hours and electric lights and a season of east wind which is not tempered to the wearers of baby lamb. The opera face looks haggard. The handsomest girls and the most stunning matrons do not escape the ravages of electric light, and these defects show up in the light of the brilliant horseshoes even more than they did last week at the Garden, where the cleverest dressers wore large shade hats well over their eyes, protecting themselves somewhat from the ever-present glare.

Destroyer of Beauty.

Electric light is a destroyer of beauty. It is a kind of vampire taking away in some subtle form the vitality that it gives when employed in other ways.

The fashionable woman who rises at noon and goes to bed in the wee small hours sees only a few hours of daylight. The rest of her time is spent in artificial light. She dines by it, reads by it, frequently lunches by it.

Her own house is lighted by electricity and most public places still cling to the ghastly chapter with its quart of hundred-candle-power electric bulbs. Even her brougham has an electric light to shed its rays over her head and deny her a few moments of restful darkness. The shop girl who works constantly under electric light finds that it bleaches the hair, sometimes blanches it and makes it prematurely gray, that strong electric light often causes freckles and is very drying to the skin. But worst of all, the constant strong glare in the eyes seems to use up the fatty tissues on which the eyes rest, causing them to blink and dry out. As we say, and then comes that hollow-eyed expression with the lines under the eyelids which are typical of the tired worker and the woman of fashion.

Last night almost every one of the gorgeously dressed women at the opera looked tired. Yet they most of them affected a "make up" to use the stage term, which only accentuated the condition. One woman, not over thirty, exquisitely dressed in pale blue, would have looked too heavily powdered even behind the footlights. In the audience she looked positively ghastly—sage powder was put on in quantities and brought out just the hollows and lines she wished to cover. After a time powder cakes on a dry skin and the result is to add years to a woman's looks.

Little Softness in Face.

The New York complexion has to be handled with gloves and oils. There is little softness lost in the opera face. In expression, even when listening to Farrar's liquid notes, it seems to be thinking of something stony—something stern, something hard—something boring, but that must be faced with bravery, for the opera face shows an almost defiant disregard for the appearance of appreciation.

One realizes that there is an "opera face" when one sees those few lovely women whose charming, and gracefully, a focusing point for all opera glasses. They are the brilliant exceptions, who, like the rule, that the New York opera has a distinctive "face" akin to the "automobile face" or the "subway face," but it is not a pleasing one; that it is largely due to the constant strain of strain and the lights which shine in the eyes of the basement shop girl and the society debutante with disastrous results to both.

OPERA DIRECTORS ACQUIT CARUSO.

During the second act of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Metropolitan Opera-house last night, the Board of Directors met and passed the following resolutions: That the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company are of the opinion that the charges against the late Caruso, which have been brought against him, are unfounded, and that he is a person of good character and high standing in the opera world, and that they extend to him their expressions of sympathy and their undiminished confidence and respect.

This, it was said, was passed by "a large majority" of the board, which numbers sixteen members. The Directors of the company are Bainbridge Colby, Heinrich Conzelmann, George J. Gould, Robert Goetz, Elliot Gregory, James H. Hyde, Otto H. Kahn, Clarence H. Mackay, Robert H. McCurdy, William H. Melville, J. Henry Smith, Thomas Spinks, and J. V. Vanderbilt. Harry Payne Whitney and H. R. Whitney.

All Society There with Its Diamond Tiaras and Wonderful Array of Pearls.

The opening of the opera, the first boom of the social cannon, brought together all the leaders of society, gowned in their most artistic Paris importations, and wearing their famous gowns, supplemented by new acquisitions. If anything, the box occupants were more brilliant and eye-satisfying than ever before. The fashion of gold and silver trimming may be responsible partly for this dazzling effect.

There were startling gowns and startling jewels, and Mrs. Edward R. Thomas, who came in with Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt, T. Sandford Beatty and William Stackpole, was perhaps the greatest beauty. In rose-colored chiffon, with a diamond tiara and four types of pearls, Mrs. Thomas was a picture. Mrs. Vanderbilt, who appears seldom at the opera, wore pink satin with a towering tiara of diamonds. A dog collar and plastron which covered the front of her bodice.

Mrs. Henry Clews was gowned in a cherry-colored velvet, cut along Empire lines and with a touch of blue satin on one shoulder. Mrs. Clews's ornaments were diamonds and large corsage ornament with a ruby centre.

Gray Lace with Pink.

Mrs. F. Egerton Webb, the great beauty, sat in the W. Seward Webb box. She wore gray lace, with touches of pink, and she was the first of the box occupants to arrive. Mrs. Seward Webb wore blue velvet.

Mrs. Ogden Mills wore a stunning cloak of mink, reaching to her heels. A beautiful collar of Brussels lace was the only trimming. Her gown was a gown of white satin, embroidered in silver, a huge motif in the form of a butterfly covering the front of the bodice. The short sleeves were of white tulle. Her jewels were a diamond collar with several pearl necklaces—a diamond tiara set with enormous turquoises.

Mrs. Charles Mills wore an opera case of heavy white cloth, with a large cape collar of white fox. Her gown was a princess of pale blue satin with a round collar of point lace and sleeves of tulle. A mass of mauve orchids was fastened to the front of the bodice. Besides a wreath of silver leaves, she wore a diamond collar and pearl necklaces.

Mrs. J. K. Travers wore a gown of superb lace over white satin, almost covered with an embroidery and fringes of pearls. Diamond necklace and tiara were her jewels.

Mrs. Lydig's Odd Creation.

Mrs. Philip Lydig was most effectively gowned in white satin en princess. Strips of silver passed over the shoulders, to meet in front in a point beneath a large ornament of diamonds. A band of silver encircled the upper part of the bodice, also fastening under the diamond ornament. Above the silver band was a flat strip of fillet lace. Her hair and throat were absolutely without jewels, in striking contrast with the occupants of the other boxes. She carried a most remarkable fan of pale pink ostrich plumes tipped with gray. It was fastened to her bodice by a streamer of tulle, and when opened measured over a yard across the tips.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, sr., wore a princess gown of superb black lace over white chiffon. A small yoke of point lace was attached over the shoulders by strips of pale yellow velvet embroidered in black. Straps of the velvet, ending in Milan drops fell from the shoulders to the elbows. She wore a dog collar of diamonds, and several diamond combs.

Mrs. Gould in Pale Blue.

Mrs. George J. Gould wore a plain draped princess gown of pale blue. Above the neck of the bodice was a handsome piece of rose-point lace. Her sleeves were of blue chiffon and lace, very short and full. She wore a great quantity of jewels, mostly pearls and diamonds, in the form of a dog collar and necklaces of different lengths, many reaching to the waist. A diamond tiara crowned her head.

Mrs. Aubrey Gray wore a very pale blue satin, with three Prince of Wales plumes in her collar, and Mrs. J. Borden Harriman's blue chiffon of a deeper tint was bespangled with diamonds.

Mrs. Craig Biddle, of Philadelphia, Miss Nora Iselin and Mrs. R. L. Vaux, Miss Beekman sat in the Ogden Gould box. Mrs. Biddle wore mauve chiffon, combined with panels of fillet lace in frames of silver embroidery. Miss Nora Iselin was stately in blue satin, with wendelias at her corsage, and Mrs. Beekman's gown was entirely of Irish point lace.

Mrs. Richard T. Wilson and Lady Herbert sat in the next box. Mrs. Wilson wore gray brocade, with a sash of Duchesse lace, and her daughter, the Duchess of the former Ambassador, was gowned in black velvet, with dog collar of pearls.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's Cream Gown.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and Mrs. M. Orme Wilson sat in the Astor box. Mrs. Vanderbilt's gown was cream-colored velvet, with rose embroidered in silver. She wore a necklace and tiara of diamonds and emeralds and a large plastron with pear-shaped emeralds as pendants. Mrs. Wilson's gown was pink satin.

Pink with White Tulle.

Miss Harriet Alexander, the debutante, wore pink chiffon with an artistic array of white tulle. Mrs. Alexander was gowned in apple-green brocade with a trimming of Flemish lace. Her emerald earrings, necklace and pendant sustained the color scheme. Mrs. W.



CHARLES ROUSSELIERE.

Goodby Loew also wore emerald green, and about her neck was a twisted rope of pearls fringed with diamonds and held in place with a large diamond brooch. Mrs. W. Douglas Sloane was a third wearer of vivid green, and the frock of her bodice was covered with a plastron of diamonds fringed with opals and emeralds, and so was her tiara. White satin, her daughter, Mrs. W. B. Ogden Field, sat by her side.

One of the beautiful women was Mrs. Richard Gambrell in black chiffon velvet with a Rembrandt collar of Brussels lace and several large diamond ornaments.

Both Mrs. Payne and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney wore towering diamond tiaras. Mrs. Henry Payne Whitney's frock was electric blue gauze, lavishly embroidered with silver in an Empire design. There were also touches of pink tulle. Mrs. Payne Whitney wore black velvet, with panels of white satin. Between them was Miss Dorothy Whitney, simply gowned in white satin. Mrs. Considine Warren, in white, was with Mrs. George Henry Warren, whose handsomely brocaded velvet was one of the beauties in the opera-house. Mrs. Emily Trevor wore lemon-colored. Miss Nellie Rice was a stunning figure in crimson velvet, with sleeves of tulle in the same deep tone. Mrs. Ben-broke Jones and Miss Sadie Jones both wore white, and Mrs. Jones's white chiffon was trimmed with silver leaves. Her tiara was very tall, and was made with large stones, swinging from hinges, like a pendulum.

NO COFFEE

The Doctor Said.

Coffee slavery is not much different from alcohol or any other drug. But many people don't realize that coffee contains a poisonous, habit-forming drug—caffeine.

They get into the habit of using coffee, and no wonder, when some writers for respectable magazines and papers speak of coffee as "stimulant."

"Of course it doesn't paralyze one in a short time like alcohol, or put one to sleep like morphine, but it slowly acts on the heart, kidneys and nerves, and soon forms a drug habit, in the same, and one that is the cause of many overlooked ailments."

"I wish to state for the benefit of other coffee slaves," writes a Virginia lady, "what Postum Food Coffee has done for me."

"Up to a year ago I thought I could not eat my breakfast if I did not have at least 2 cups of coffee, and sometimes during the day, if very tired, I would have another cup."

"I was annoyed with indigestion, heart trouble, bad feeling in my head, and sleeplessness. Our family doctor, whom I consulted, asked me if I drank coffee. I said I did, and could not get along without it."

"He told me it was the direct cause of my ailments, and advised me to drink Postum. I had no faith in it, but finally tried it. The first cup did not boil long enough and was distasteful, and I vowed I would not drink any more."

"But after a neighbor told me to look it longer I found Postum was much superior in flavor to my coffee. I am no longer nervous, my stomach troubles have ceased, my heart action is fine, and from 165 lbs. weight when I began Postum, I now weigh 138 lbs. I give all the credit to Postum as I did not change my other diet in any way. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, 'The Road to Wellville,' in pgs. 'There's a reason.'"



MISS GERALDINE FARRAR.

ponent than Geraldine Farrar, the American girl, who interpreted the character before an audience of her compatriots for the first time last night. Her quality had been heralded from Europe. Especially it was reported she had had Berlin at her feet. But New York music-lovers have their own standards. Would she reach them? She was tried last night and stood the test.

Grand Opening Selection.

Mr. Corradini had harked back to the methods of his predecessor, Maurice Grau, when he chose for the opening performance of this most promising season of opera the Frenchman's "Romeo and Juliet," to which subscribers are wont to come late and go away early. There are no dark scenes. Most of the time the lighting of the house is maintained at its full strength. Box-holders have a fine opportunity to show the last word in gowns and the most dazzling arrangement of diamonds. Those who are on the edge of the fringe of society may feast at will upon the very elect whom they covet. And what matter about the music!

When the curtain rose last night the galleries were crowded and glowing. There was a premonition, but the boxes were yawning chasms of emptiness. Presently there came upon the stage a slender, willowy girl, with piercing eyes and hair as black as night, radiating youth—an ideal Juliet to look upon. There was only a perfunctory greeting for her, which she seemed to reflect in her first notes. They seemed cold. In a minute the mood, due doubtless to nervousness, passed. Then came the color into the beautiful voice that was full and round even in the highest register. Her every movement was graceful and seductive. Not only the hapless Romeo, but the whole house was captivated by her. It waited only for the fall of the curtain to thunder forth its applause.

Miss Farrar was best in the first two acts, as it seemed fitting she should be. It was the roguish, playful girl that gave delicious expression to the waits. In the balcony scene she was coquettish and tender by turns. Never was such a little actress! And all the while she sang like a lark. When the passion and the tragedy came into her life her powers were not so marked. The scene in Friar Lawrence's cell went well enough.

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Many a Man Has Been Started on the Road to Prosperity by a Little World "Want" Ad.

Don't Linger Longer.

The "Opera Face" in Painful Evidence at the Opening Night of the Season—Beauty Marred by Electric Glare



Don't Linger Longer.